

Boiled Over by adkinsmayo

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Summary:

Prompt Request Fill: "43. If you keep teasing me like that, you're gonna regret it."

Hopper's dominant side is usually his only side. But it rarely ever comes out in the bedroom, he's always afraid he'll hurt you. But when it does, Jim is ruthless. But it usually takes you being just as ruthless to get him to lose control. Or in this case, take control. And you know what they say: the heat can make you do crazy things.

Boiled Over

It was one of the hottest summer days Hawkins had seen in the past decade. It was probably one of the hottest days the whole of Indiana had seen, even. It also happened to be the one day the rusty, old, AC unit in the cabin had finally decided to call it quits. This left you sitting sprawled out on the couch, clad only in an old bikini top, shorts, and a damp towel on your forehead. Your arms were draped over the tops of the couch cushions, your head dangled over the back of the couch and your knees spread as far apart as possible; trying hard to keep your skin from sticking to each other. Hopper sat at the kitchen table in a pair of boxers and a white t-shirt that was soaked through with sweat. Jane and the party we're spending the weekend at Joyce's, hitting up the city pool as much as they were able. If you hadn't promised to keep Hopper company today, you would have joined them. But when Jim asked you to "keep him company" while Jane was away, you had a much different picture in mind. Definitely not one where you were breathing heavy on the couch while Hopper did the same leaning over his huge spread of paperwork he was attempting to finish up on. Even though it did include the both of you breathing heavy, it wasn't because you two were both melting to death.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ!"

Hopper yelled out from the kitchen. You turn your head over to look at him, catching the towel before it fell off of your head. Hopper grabs his collar and peels off his shirt before picking up an empty manila folder and fanning himself with it and falling back into his chair. Something about seeing him all frustrated, his broad bare chest heaving, and his skin glistening with sweat had you pulling your bottom lip between your teeth.

"Tell me about it, chief."

You say through a couple breathy chuckles before getting back up from the couch to head into the kitchen so you could wet your towel. You can spy Hopper's eyes follow your ass as you head over to the sink.

“How’s the work coming along, dear?”

Jim simply responds with a loud sigh and a hand shoved through his hair. You turn on the sink, running the rag under the water when something just awful pops into your head. Once Jane was settled in, the boys wanted her to try everything, from Big League Chew to Frogger. One of her favorite things was popsicles. More specifically, the long rainbow ones. So you made sure to always keep a box in the freezer, especially now with it being so hot out lately. There were plenty of popsicles that you liked better but right now, the rainbow one’s were suddenly your new favorite. So much so, that you needed one. Right now. The side of your mouth pulled closer to your ear in a smirk as you turned off the faucet and ringed out the towel. Hopper didn’t even notice and didn’t look up from his papers as you opened the freezer and pulled the popsicle out, tossing the plastic wrapper into the trash on your way over to Hopper.

“Anything I can help you with?”

You ask him in a low tone as you stand behind him, draping the cool towel onto the back of neck causing his eyes to shut and his head to fall, a long groan escaping his mouth.

“You could keep that up, for starters.”

Jim reaches his hand to replace yours to hold the rag in place. You move over to the side of him to plop down into the seat next to him, popsicle still in hand. Hopper glances back up at you.

“Hey, those are Jane’s.”

“Oh, I don’t think she’ll mind if I just have one.”

You take a short lick up the side of the purple layer before gently placing your lips around the tip, sucking obnoxiously to pick up what was quickly melting away all whilst keeping your eyes directly onto Hopper’s. You couldn’t help but smile around it at the sight of Hopper’s jaw tightening.

“Now, baby...”

You pull your mouth away from the pop.

“Oh, I’m sorry- did you want one? I didn’t even think to ask.”

Hopper just grins and shakes his head, pulls the rag off of his neck and tosses it on the other end of the table before turning his gaze back down to his work. You lean back into your chair and start working on the bottom of the pop closest to your hand in a weak attempt to keep the syrup from dripping off onto your hand. You really just wanted to use the liquid to your advantage, letting it drip down your chin and increasing the volume of the heinous sounds your lips made against its edge.

“Darlin’, if you keep teasing me like that, you’re gonna regret it.”

“I’ve got no idea what you’re talking about.”

You dart your eyes over to Hopper’s darkened eyes that were glued onto you before letting your lids fall shut and dragging the flat of your tongue all the way from the yellow to the purple. A quiet but still audible moan falls from your mouth as your eyes slowly open again. You stick your tongue out to continue working on your teasing but Hopper’s rough hand wraps tightly around your wrist, the syrup that had built up on your fingers trailing down your wrist to fall on to his fingers. Despite feeling his gaze burning into you, you kept your eyes pointed down at his fist.

“Don’t. That’s enough.”

Hopper tells you firmly with a squeeze to your wrist. You ignore his warning and a devilish grin grows on your face. You quickly pull your wrist, along with Jim’s hand, up to your mouth and lap you the line of syrup over his knuckles. Before you could even blink, Hopper releases your wrist and pulls it away from your tongue to grab your face in both his hands, capturing your mouth in a hard kiss. One hand moves from your face and onto your hip, guiding you to stand, the popsicle falling from your hand and onto the floor. He peels his other hand away from your face and pulls his lips away from yours, taking your hand in his and turning to pull you towards the bedroom. But once you reached around the middle on the kitchen, you tugged him back over to the counter instead, backing up until your back was against its edge. Hopper smirks as he moves closer to you so that your hips are touching before bringing his hand back up to your face

and pressing his lips back onto yours. Hopper pushes himself closer to you, his thigh making your legs fall further apart. He grinds his hardening erection onto your thigh causing a groan to fall from both of your mouths. Hopper hooks his thumb underneath your chin for you to lift your head. He drags his tongue up the stripe of syrup that was stuck to the skin of your neck and chin. Hopper drags his tongue over your lips before slipping it inside of your mouth, reveling in your taste and the added sweetness of the syrup. You breathe out a breathy moan and dig your nails into Hopper's sides. With a growl, Hopper hooks his thumbs under the waistband of your shorts and your panties, practically tearing them off of you. Before you could even think, his hands are back on your waist, hoisting you up onto the counter. You wiggle your feet to kick your bottoms off entirely as Hopper crouches down, forcing your legs apart. You thought that with the swiftness of his head moving closer to your center, his mouth would be on you already. But he simply hovered his lips over you just so you could feel his hot breath. You let out an impatient whimper and try to lift your legs to dig your heels into his back but his hands hold them in place.

"Hopper, please."

You beg him, your thighs flexing under his calloused hands. Hopper's eyes dart up to yours as he moves his tongue up your slit in a zigzag motion, causing your eyes to clamp shut and your fingers to latch onto his damp strands of hair. Hopper groans against you as he laps with the flat of his tongue before pulling your lips into his mouth, sucking hard and pulling them away from you, releasing them with a audible pop. You pull your bottom lip into your mouth to try and muffle a ridiculously loud moan. As Hopper slowly guides his tongue inside of you, you can't help but cry out. Your whines only get louder as he moves it quickly from side to side. You let out a quick huff in frustration when Jim pulls his mouth away from you but before you can say anything about it, his fingers come down onto your clit with a gentle, but firm slap. Your hips buck up and a foreign sort of moan escapes your lips as he smacks your clit rapidly a few times more. This was like nothing you'd ever felt before. The pain was like that of when Hopper would bring a hand down on your ass, more of a sting that sends your nerves flying higher. The only difference is you feel this sting of pleasure deep inside you, causing you to gush into

Hopper's mouth as his tongue is simply pressed back inside of you that sent you crashing hard into your orgasm.

"Holy fucking-shit."

You whine in between heavy breaths, your body shivering as you are still coming down from the intensity of your orgasm. Hopper rises to lock his eyes on yours again and cupping your cheek, dragging his thumb gently over your flushed skin. You let your breathing slow a bit more before opening your eyes again.

"Are you okay?"

Hopper says in a concerned tone but he still can't keep a prideful grin from his face. You smile before cupping his cheek in your own hand, pulling him down for a hard kiss.

"I'm better than okay, fuck. Where the fuck did you learn that?"

Hopper lets out breathy chuckle against your lips before giving them a quick peck.

"I'm not sure you want me to answer that."

"Yeah, you can tell me all about it later."

You tell him quickly before hopping off the counter and pulling his face down to yours again, bucking your hips against his now fully hard erection as you slid your tongue into his mouth. Hopper lets out little whimpers into your mouth and you can't help but push a small laugh from out your nose. Jim growls at this and grips a handful of your hair into his fist, pulling your head to the side to attach his mouth to your neck. You move your hands down to his boxers and shove them down enough so they fall to pool at his feet. Jim releases the tight grip in your hair and takes both your hands in his, pulling you back with him as he steps completely out of them. He carefully guides you to lay your back onto the kitchen floor. Out of all the places you've fucked each other around the house, you two have never done it on the tiles of the kitchen. On the counter, yes, but on the floor? Never. Looks like clit slapping and squirting wouldn't be the only firsts for you today.

Hopper wastes no time sliding into you and you were plenty ready for him, and excess of slick dripping from your throbbing cunt. Hopper drops to his elbows, his forearms lying flat onto the ground, before pounding into you at a much rougher pace than usual. It wasn't like Hopper to start out already bottoming out into you, but you weren't complaining, only desperate for your release again.

"Is this what you wanted, huh? You thought you'd be so cute with that fuckin' mouth of yours. Not lookin' so cute now with me fucking you- making you squirm on the fuckin' floor."

Your jaw falls slack and stuttering moans fall from your mouth as he picks up an even quicker pace, his skin now slapping against yours.

"Tell me. This what you wanted? Say it, right fucking now. "

"I wanted this!"

You cry out to him, he slows his pace but doesn't waver in his intensity of his thrusts.

"You wanted what exactly, darlin'?"

"-wanted your cock in me! Ugh- wanted you to make me come! Jesus Hop, I'm-"

Your nails dig into his back, your eyes slam shut, your ears even started to ring, and a near pained cry is forced out of you- your second orgasm was even more intense than the first one, as impossible as it seems. You hadn't even noticed that Hopper was coming along with you until his incredibly loud but strained groan overwhelmed the fading ringing still happening in your ears. You finally open your eyes to look up at Hopper, you both letting out quiet whimpers between breaths as he slowly pumps into you so you two could ride out the last of your orgasms. Hopper barely opens his eyes and brings a hand to the side of your face before easing his softened cock out of you.

"Are-are you okay? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Your heart is warmed by his genuine expression and you nod your head in sincerity, giving him a warm smile.

“You must think I’m crazy if you thought I’d regret that. My fuckin’ tailbone will disagree tomorrow, though.”

He gently closes his eyes and drops his head to laugh.

“-but now I’m sticky and gross in more ways than one. Care to join me, chief?”

“You bet your ass, darlin’.”